

*The Comickall Historie of*

*Solan.* And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damnd for it.

*Salari.* Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebell.

*Sola.* Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

*Shy.* I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

*Solari.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your bloods, then there is between Red wine and Rennish: but tell us, do you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any lesse at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match, a bankrour, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was usd to come to smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian cursie, let him looke to his bond.

*Salari.* Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh, whats that good for?

*Shyl.* To bait fish withall, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaine, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reason, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, demensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is: if you prick us, do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyson us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter*

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Enter a man from Anthonio.*

Gentlemen, my Master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salari.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter Tuball.*

*Solanio.* Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the Devill himselfe turne Jew. *Exeunt Gentlem.*

*Shy.* How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*, hast thou found my daughter?

*Tuball.* I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot find her.

*Shylocke.* Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in *Franckford*, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no news of them, why so? and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to find the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs, but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

*Tuball.* Yes, other men have ill lucke to, *Anthonio*, as I heard, is in *Genowa*?

*Shy.* What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

*Tuball.* Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

*Tuball.* I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

*Shy.* I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, heere in *Genowa*.

*Tuball.* Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night fourescore Ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourescore Ducats at a sitting, fourescore Ducats.

*Tuball.* There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that sweare he cannot chuse but breake.

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*Shy.* I